

# POWER OF CONGRESSIONAL SOCIAL CIRCLE

## Women Who Make or Mar the Careers of National Legislators at the American Capital—Social Influence as a Factor in the Field of Public Affairs.

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TO the tact and temperament of his wife many a national legislator owes the making or marring of his career at the American Capital. In many instances the workings of this potent influence has even antedated the entrance of a statesman into the arena of public affairs, for there are not a few of the Republic's law-makers who confess that it was their wives who first induced them to seek election to Congress. The ways in which a witty, discreet, and ambitious wife may aid her husband after he has once gained a foothold in national politics are at once numerous and difficult of definition.

### Power of the Feminine Member.

It would be impossible to overestimate the power in Washington of a brainy, diplomatic, feminine member of a Congressional household, who has some knowledge of practical politics and of human nature. Such women, by keeping closely in touch with the gossip of the Capital, find out many a state secret; often, with a woman's intuition, they divine the hidden meanings in the intricacies of statecraft; and not infrequently they look into the future with greater precision and keener judgment than the professional politicians. Such authorities as Thomas Brackett Reed, the former Speaker of the House of Representatives; Senator Hale, and Senator Depew have expressed the conviction that certain women in Washington have greater political acumen than many of the men who are actors in the drama of the Capital.

There are about 400 Congressional households in Washington, and almost every one of them is a social center of greater or less importance. Some few women have rendered the greatest service to husband or father by holding somewhat aloof from the field of social activities by reason of the obligations



Mrs. Hanna.

which it imposes, but for the most part participation in these amenities has proven beneficial rather than detrimental to political aspirations. The Congressman seeking re-election finds that wife or daughter may possibly be able to render valuable aid, and to the Representative who longs for a place in the Senate or the Senator who is ambitious to occupy a higher post in the nation's service, the cooperation of a tactful helpmate is well nigh invaluable.

### Foundation of Fortune.

Striking examples of the possibilities of feminine aid in the game of politics are afforded in the cases of a couple of Senators who have been prominently mentioned in connection with the Presidential and Vice Presidential nomination. As Miss Rhoades, a Cleveland, Ohio, belle, Mrs. M. A. Hanna brought to her husband the foundation of his present fortune, and as a gracious and capable hostess she has aided him immeasurably since he entered national politics. Mrs. Fairbanks has proven a most efficient lieutenant in furthering the political ambitions of the senator from Indiana. She is a very clever politician herself, and is eloquently

attested by her skill in winning and holding the chief office in that organization of feminine politicians—the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The present session of Congress brings to the fore several women who have gained positions of new influence since the gavel fell last spring. Foremost among these, undoubtedly, is Miss Helen Cannon, the daughter of the new Speaker of the House of Representatives and who presides over her father's household. Miss Cannon is one of the best informed women in the United States on the whole broad subject of



Mrs. Olmsted.

American politics and it enables her to not only prove a most interesting conversationalist at the Speaker's "Congressional dinner parties" but also to advise her father intelligently on many a mooted question. Mrs. McClellan, widow of the general, has always had an assured place in Washington official society, but she gains added influence by reason of her son's election as mayor of Greater New York.

There are several brides in the Senatorial circle this year who are inter-

esting more because of their husband's position than by reason of the interest which is supposed to always attach to a bride. A few years ago Mrs. Hansbrough was known as the "Bride of the Senate," but she was compelled to yield the honor to Mrs. Thurston, and then the title passed to Mrs. Blackburn, wife of the Senator from Kentucky. The last session found Mrs. Depew the most prominent Senatorial bride, and this season brings three claimants of the honor—Mrs. Platt, Mrs. Hepburn, and Mrs. Stewart, with rumors of still another addition to the list. Another Congressional bride, who must be accorded a foremost place in the list of influential members of the legislative circle, is Mrs. William R. Hearst, the pretty young woman to whom the energetic candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination was married only a few months ago. Mr. Hearst, who is serving his first term in Congress, has planned a campaign of lavish entertaining in Washington this winter, and his wife will find ample opportunity to demonstrate her capabilities for social leadership.

Mrs. Foraker, to whose close friend-



Mrs. Blackburn.

ship with Mrs. Roosevelt some of the wisecracks have attributed Senator Foraker's strong influence at the White House, is a woman who has aided her husband greatly by her social tact. She was Julia Bundy, daughter of the "Iron King," and met her future husband when they were students at Wesleyan University. Few of Mrs. Foraker's friends are aware that she is a student of architecture and has a decided gift in that art. She planned the Foraker home in Cincinnati, and had much to do with preparing the plans for the Senator's handsome home in Washington.



Mrs. Alger.

In the Congressional, as in other social circles at Washington, dinner giving is the favorite form of hospitality, and pre-eminence in this sphere is generally accorded to Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, wife of Senator Elkins, of West Virginia. Mrs. Elkins was Halle, daughter of ex-Senator Davis, of Frederick, Md., and her husband's wealth has enabled her to entertain most lavishly in Washington. Another woman who is aiding her husband immeasurably by her hostilities is Mrs. Alger, wife of the Senator from Michigan, who,



Miss Cannon.

in her new position, is maintaining the reputation she gained as the most gracious hostess of the Cabinet circle during the McKinley administration. Still another dinner-giver whose repasts are notable from every standpoint is Mrs. Depew. During the season the Depews entertain at dinner nightly—not necessarily large parties, but friends in greater or less number, and the mistress of Corcoran House has proven herself an admirable hostess.

### Exceptional Ability.

As the membership of the House of Representatives has expanded the popular impression has grown that Representatives have been handicapped as compared with Senators in the race for social success in Washington, but this is not true without reservations. Many Representatives who have married wives fortunate in the possession of wealth or exceptional social ability are now enabled to vie with any of their Senatorial colleagues. A case in point was afforded by Senator Newlands, who by his marriage to the daughter of the late Ward McAllister secured a social oracle who enabled him to reach the

## Aid Rendered by the Life Partners of Men Who Are Just Now Prominent in the Public Eye—Representatives, Who Rank with Senators by Reason of Fortunate Marriages.

pinnacle of social success are he entered the upper house of Congress.

Another socially successful Representative is Col. Edward Morrell, who married one of the Drexel family of Philadelphia, and now dispenses a lavish hospitality in what was formerly the home of Mrs. Leland Stanford, of California. Indeed, several of the Pennsylvania Representatives are deserving of places in the category of the socially elect. Representative and Mrs. Joseph C. Sibley are enabled to entertain not only in a marble mansion in Washington, but also aboard a palatial steam yacht anchored in the Potomac near the city, and Representative Porter, of Pittsburgh, who has leased the house occupied in turn by the late Vice President Hobart and Senator Hanna, is another successful social leader in the lower house.

### Notable Social Successes.

No mention of the social activities of the Congressional circle would be complete without reference to the success attained in the polite world at Washington by Representative and Mrs. James W. Wadsworth of New York State. Mrs. Gardner, wife of the Massachusetts Representative, is following in the footsteps of her mother, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, in the matter of social triumphs. Mrs. Marlin E. Olmsted, wife of the Pennsylvania Representative, has during the past few years won a place as one of the most popular matrons in Washington society, and Mrs. R. R. Hitt has by her brilliancy as a hostess, her knowledge of the inner conditions in national affairs, and her ability to pick the "coming men" achieved power and influence such as are possessed by few wives of Senators or members of the President's Cabinet.

# THE FAIRY OF THE FORT—By EURETTA D. METCALF

MRS. MURRAY, chaperon, yawned wearily behind her fan and winced the next act would begin. Beryl Swift was whispering softly to her guest, Georgia Mead. The other members of the box party were chattering of the beauty of the star, her incomparable costumes and stupid play, and Scott himself, the hero of the moment, the guest of honor, was staring moodily down at the drop or the musicians.

He leaned over suddenly and touched Beryl's shoulder with an accepted lover's right to interrupt. She responded with a smile, such a smile as sent him forth to battle, the smile that welcomed him with love when he led the remnant of the Twentieth proudly home—the fighting Twentieth Kansas, that went out so strong in its volunteers and came back covered with undying glory, leaving behind many unmarked graves in Philippine soil.

"See the man at the bass viol, Beryl?"

## ABOUT BEAUTIFUL FARMS

OF all the farming of all the world the most beautiful is the farming that is done in the southern part of France.

It is the raising of crops of scented flowers for the production of perfume. This flower farming goes on almost throughout the entire year. Hardly has one crop been gathered before another equally rich and glorious is ready to be gathered.

In February and March, when in more northern lands the farms lie bleak and wind-swept, the farmers of the flower land harvest a wonderful crop of violets. In April the glorious jonquil is ready to cut and gather. Hardly has it gone before there burst out the blossoms of magnonette, roses and orange flowers. These three crops are harvested steadily from the end of April till well into July.

They are followed by pinks, carnations and tuberoses.

This odoriferous harvest is no sooner brought in than the dreamy jasmine is ripe and ready for the reapers. And then, when in less favored countries the golden rod and the aster wave their gold and purple banners to mark the retreat of autumn and the hurrying march of winter, the acacia makes all the south of France beautiful. Through October, November and December it blooms, and in Christmas the harvesters there are still busy bearing its grand sheaves of flowers to market.

The beautiful flower crop cannot be transported like wheat or other farm produce that is carried thousands of miles to find buyers. Too delicate, too evanescent to bear rude handling, the flowers must be bought and used immediately after being harvested. Therefore the buyers generally go to the crop

he asked. "His face is a prod to my conscience, I have been so selfish in my own happiness," smiling tenderly into her eyes. "I forgot I have a promise to keep, a promise made when the little niggers' bullets were popping like hail among us. Would you like me to tell it to you?"

She nodded eagerly, and the fragile, fairy-like Georgia Mead leaned forward quickly. "Any I hear, too, please? I fairly dote on war stories. You know I am a hero's daughter and have lived all my life within sound of Government guns."

Scott looked at her curiously. She was such a slight, ethereal creature to have a penchant for war. He remembered hearing Beryl say she was in Kansas City to meet some one in the Twentieth who had not come home. "Poor beggar! He's likely beyond a parched throat and niggers' shots!" thought Scott, recalling the incident, but aloud: "Gee-

instead of waiting for the crop to be sent to them.

When the sale is made, the blossoms are cut carefully from the stalks and weighed. You may be sure that the sharp-eyed buyers take great precautions so that they shall not have to pay for anything except the blossoms, for they pay big prices. Thus the blossoms of the acacia bring 32 cents a pound, jonquils sell for 34 cents, jasmines for 29 cents, violets for 21 cents, magnonette for 8 cents, roses for 6 cents, orange flowers for 4 cents, and pinks for 2 cents a pound.

The men who distill the perfumes from these flowers have their establishments close to the flower farms, so that the precious crop shall reach them in the freshest possible condition.

An immense quantity of flowers is used each year. In the district around Nice alone fifteen tons of violets, two tons of magnonettes and eight tons of jasmines were used in one year, while the consumption of orange flowers reached the immense total of 145 tons.

Around Mentone 175 tons of orange flowers and 100 tons of pinks are used each year. Geranium leaves are another important crop, and the Mentone district produces 1,650 tons of them each year.

Two and one-half acres will produce from two and one-half to three and one-half tons, and each ton of leaves yields about two and one-tenth pounds of pure essence.

In Grasse, the most important industrial place in the entire Riviera, there are more than thirty manufactories of essence of flowers now. They use up 1,225 tons of roses and 320 tons of orange flowers every year, and they make about \$1,000,000 worth of essence.

One perfume that is made there is neroli, which is the oil of the bitter orange. It is distilled from the beautiful white orange blossoms, and two pounds of this oil are worth \$60.

tainly, Miss Mead. The question is, do I have a right to tell?"

He thought a moment, scrutinizing the massed bright colors that changed the sober Coates into a variegated human bouquet. It seemed so unreal that he, Scott, was sitting by Beryl's side listening to the song of violins, with no danger to guard against, no shortage of water, no hurried, forced march to expect.

"I guess it's the lights and the music that affect me so," he resumed. "And that fellow's face there is so like another that it brings back all the emotions that accompanied my promise. Jim's not the kind that would care though if he knew I told it, because my throat is parched more with memory than it ever was with dust."

"And listened to with veneration for all soldiers," put in Georgia Mead.

Scott nodded. "That's it. Funston had called for volunteers to swim the Bag Bag, and every last man in the command stepped forth with a ready 'I'."

although Mausers were sending a leaden rain into the river. We could not all go—the regret he had shared with the rest of the unchosen glimmered in his voice as the scene recalled itself—but one of the selected, who had marched with me, slept with me, messes with me, since the transport landed us in that waterless desert, to light and starve and broil under a hades-hot sun, could not conceal his joy. He was a red-tailed chap with a story in his face, the kind of fellow you girls would make a hero of. Men do not seek to know men's grief—they wait to be told—but I could not help seeing his hungry blue eyes devour the mail bag that never contained anything for him."

Scott's own eyes darkened. "That's one of the bitterest pills of war; to sit by and see the other fellows reading home letters with not a scratch for you. The sadness in Jim's eyes had never lifted, but he never uttered a complaint under the fatiguing marches and short fare. He was a soldier born, and, then, there is a hunger Government beans and hardtack cannot appease, a weariness army blankets cannot dispel. But when Funston signaled him from the ranks an instant's joy, a soldier's joy at being detailed to duty where danger reigns, flared up and as quickly faded. There was an anxious hour to be lived through, while the commanding officer drew up his plans, and my messmate called me aside in confidence.

"You've been true blue, Scott," he said, with extended hand. "You're the only fellow I can trust. Is it too much if I ask you to take a message home if we do not meet over there?—having his hand to the opposite bank of the bullet-peppered river. I mean, of course, if Funston changes his mind about the pontoons," reading the dread which must have leaped to my face at the danger of what he was about to do. "I'm too good a swimmer to shrink from fording that creek," contemptuously.

"I could not answer in words. There was a cathedral-like solemnity on the scene, and he knew as well as I that the poorest-aiming nigger can pick a man off at will when his head is a target bobbing on the water; and to swim under water one runs the danger of touching submarine mines. War at its best is hell!" He stopped, remembering where and with whom he was. "Pardon me, Beryl, and you, Miss Mead. I am strangely forgetful tonight. There was a moisture in my eyes," brushing them abstractedly, "and my messmate hastened to break the uncomfortable tension by asking indifferent questions. 'Have you ever been in Leavenworth? Do you know anyone there?'

"I shook my head. It is difficult to speak over a lump in one's throat, but when I could I helped the tragic comedy on by saying carelessly: 'No; I enlisted at Topeka. Are you from the fort? I thought you had the swing of a regular.'"

"He nodded. 'Fort Leavenworth is a mighty pretty sight for a soldier who has served in active campaign, and the town proper, with its wide streets and old trees, is a picture in itself.' He shut his eyes, and a spasm of pain contracted his features, but in a moment he was the old, taciturn Jim again. 'It won't take you much out of your way to go home via Leavenworth, and what you see there will pay you for the trouble. I suppose the boys will go in a body to Kansas City and disband there. Dear old K. C.'"

"There was another silence, broken only by the complaints of the rejected volunteers and dropping shots; then 'God! It's hard!' wrenched itself from his lips. I could not stand it, Beryl—"

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Georgia Mead stopped sobbing, and leaned forward in her chair with wide, intent eyes.

"I knew I loved her a whole year before we were ordered out, but I held my tongue, waiting for a lieutenant that did not come. Then another fellow appeared—a dashing officer sent back from Fort Riley. Dazzled by his epaulettes, she turned cold eyes on me, and I hated him. There was murder in my heart when I dressed for the hop, at which I was informed, their engagement would be announced—murder I intended to cover by taunting him into a duel. There were many heavy hearts under the smiling faces at that ball, Scott, for the declaration of war was momentarily expected. Even the uninitiated saw new meaning on the officers' faces, and the Fort Riley man made many mysterious trips to headquarters, and so successfully eluded me. I did not approach her at all.

"She danced and laughed like a carefree fairy in her floating white dress, and I was of no more consequence to her than the flag-draped pillars of the barracks ballroom. I stayed the affair out, hoping to even scores with the interloper, and when the last number on the program was reached we all understood the meaning of the officers' abstraction. Instead of the 'Home, Sweet Home' waltz that always closes a military ball the band struck up 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' It meant fighting orders had come, and we saluted the flag to a man. He stopped for a little, overcome by the memory of the drama-

tic scene, I think we all went stark mad while the band played its rousing call to arms, and above the men's hoarse cheering sounded woman's grief—war meant desolated homes to them. I did not see her until the excitement was dying out. With the promise of my long waited-for lieutenant's burning in my ears I came upon her in the hall. She was white as her gown, and her hands trembled when she put them out to me. Half-mad because she cared so palpably for him, drunk with the scent of active duty, I passed her without a word—and her sobs have followed me night and day since. God! It's hard!"

"And he?" I asked, wondering what form my comrade's vengeance had taken. "Did he come out, too?"

"He came out, and I saw him in a trench with a bullet in his breast. He knew me, and gratitude for a drink of water moved him to tell me she had never cared for him. She refused him the night of the ball because she cared for me—for me, Scott—the brute that passed her without a word. I would like her to know, and if I can't tell her myself, will you? Put in plain words, that I always loved her, I died loving her, will you, old man?"

"If you don't get back yourself, I said: 'It will come better from my hand. I haven't time to give you details now. Her picture's in this book. Give it back if we meet over there! Then, with a splash, he dived under the water.'"

"My comrade whipped a notebook from his pocket and crushed it in my hand. 'I haven't time to give you details now. Her picture's in this book. Give it back if we meet over there! Then, with a splash, he dived under the water.'"

"Amen!" echoed Scott, wringing his hand fervently, and as the brown-faced man in the soiled, faded uniform stepped forward to receive his picture the house blazed into sudden light before the curtain signal, and a great cheer went up for him—in honor of the Twentieth, whose colors he wore.—Chicago Record-Herald.

None of the theater party spoke for a moment, then Beryl asked softly:

"Did you give it to him again?"

Scott shook his head. "It's all well enough to talk about ignoring discipline; it's another thing to do it. I was sent out on skirmish duty, and when I got back to Manila heard that he was among the missing after a lively fight. I have not had the heart to look at her picture. It is here, Beryl. You may look at it if you will. Poor Cunningham! He is one of the grandest heroes the Twentieth left behind! I am going to Leavenworth tomorrow to find the fairy of the fort."

Georgia Mead straightened convulsively at the name and reeled to her feet, standing before him the full of her fairy height. "You need not," she said, solemnly, "the picture is mine."

She thrust her hand before Beryl's to seize the book he held, then stood rigid as iron, her eyes fixed on the gaunt face of a man waiting permission to enter the box.

"Jim! Jim!" she cried. "Not dead! springing into his open arms."

"Not dead," he echoed, shielding her from the gaze of the crowded house; "but a fever-wrecked prisoner who escaped too late to share the triumphal homecoming of his regiment, who, hearing of Scott's whereabouts, followed him here to demand my picture—your picture. Heaven bless you, sweet."

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